



To silent trees I make my mone,
 And birds and beasts doe heare me grone,
 Yet shee that should my griefe remone,
 Disloyall wretch to me did proue.
 My loue to her was constant pure,
 And to my end will so indure,
 And loue to her I hope will send
 A grieued minde before her end.

I haue forsaken friends and kinne,
 My dayes to end these woods within,
 My pleasure past I now do leaue,
 Sweet Saviour now my soule receiue.
 Beare witnesse heauen of my griefe,
 To ease my heart send some reliefe,
 Faire Maids, buto your louers be true,
 If first be good, change not for new.

O young men all, be warn'd by me:
 Gaze not too much on womans beauty,
 Lest that you be so fettered fast,
 You cannot be enlarged at last.
 Some womens wills they are well knowne,
 In loue oft changing like to none:
 They'll sweare they loue you with their heart,
 When mind and tongue are both apart.

My loue to her I did reueale,
 And from her nothing did conceale,
 Though at the first she seemed coy.
 She said at the last I was her ioy,
 And none but I her loue should haue,
 What need I any more to craue?
 But Haggard-like she me abus'd,
 Another chosen and I refus'd.

When he had bewail'd his sorowes long,
 He take a Lute that by him hung,
 And on the lute he sweetly playd,
 And unto it these words he said:
 O death, when wilt thou come to me,
 That I haue waited on so long?
 For whilst I live I languish still,
 Finding no helpe to ease my ill.

Then quite he sang his lute away,
 And toke a sword that by him lay.
 Dayes, O thou hast been thy masters friend,
 And now thou shalt his torments end.
 He gave true sentence in that place,
 To end his life in a wofull case.
 The hilt he strooke downe to the ground,
 And gave himselfe a deadly wound.

Then vnto him I ranne againe,
 But out alas it was all in vaine:
 For long before to him I came,
 His death he had vpon the same.
 I found his grane was ready made,
 Wherein I thought he should be laid.
 And in that place I laid him downe,
 And ouer spred his mourning Sotone.

On his Grane his sword I laid,
 Whereon his death he had recei'd,
 Upon his Lute a peale I rang,
 And by the place the same I hung.
 Then I beheld on euery tree,
 Her name that was his onely ioy,
 Which long before his face did stand,
 Because she got the vpper hand.

This Maid that did doe all this wrong,
 To liue a Maid thought it so long,
 Partied she is to such a one,
 That daily makes her sigh and groane,
 Her coyneesse to her former loue,
 Disloyall then, now truely proues:
 Make heed faire Maids, for you may see
 Wryongs alwayes will reuenged be:
 Thus you women will vse your skill,
 Let vs poore men say what we will.

FINIS.

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